

# Middleton

# Transcript.

VOL. VII.

MIDDLETON, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 14, 1874.

NO. 11.

## Select Poetry.

### THE OLD-FOGY MAN.

He was a queer old-fogy man,  
And loved it—foggy ways;  
And railed against the reckless speed  
Of those who motors day.  
He once could travel fast;  
But now they raised him through by steam,  
And rode him on a rail.

That good old coach was fast enough  
For prudent folks to go;  
Impatience made me sit at it;  
And say "I'm rather slow."

They lay upon the train,  
And sped like thought away;  
Until a rumm-up breaks their bones;  
Hathinks it don't pay.

We love old 'tive's spinning-wheel,

The sound of their hum.

Was far more dear to his old ear.

Than grand piano them.

But ah! he sighs, those wheels are gone.

Since Woun made his gin;

No more we hear the thrify hum—

No more the hums spin.

The rosy girls of older time,

Sunburnt, were firmer made.

Then these, the tude and tender shoots

That grow up in the sun.

They did their mother's heavy work,

And eased her weary hands;

And sometimes, too, if brothers failed,

Could help to do a man's.

Their dresses, made with easy fit,

Gave not a pain beneath;

Their hearts had ample room to beat;

Their lungs had room to breathe—

Unlike our present girls, with waists

Too tight, and faces too slight;

Who, if they do not dissipate,

Are very often "tight."

They let not fashion dwarf their forms,

But grew to grace beneath;

And sparkled over from their eyes;

The blushed kind heaven for its gifts,

And shone, with secret pride,

That they were beautiful enough,

And they were satisfied.

But now modern girls, ah!

Think Providence unkind

For putting too much in the midst

And not enough behind;

And so they bustle round and lace,

To mend such clumsy ways;

And think they far outshine the girls,

Of good old-fogy days.

He wished, he said, for their sweet sakes,

That fashion's torturing vice

Would ease them up a little, and

Less pinching would suffice;

That they might feel the bounding health

Around the heart that plays,

When all unfeared as it was

In good old-fogy days.

**THE JUGGLERS OF SIAM.**

The jugglers of the East have from time immemorial furnished material for travelers' tales, each one more wonderful than the other, until the chinuz has been reached in the account of a correspondent of the New York *World*, who writes from Siam under date of November 23, the story of the performances of the "Sacred troop" of Siam, whose members claim to be of the royal race. These jugglers whose present chief called Topada, are from Paklaie, and only give exhibitions on occasions of great festivals or funerals, and generally at long intervals of time. The performances always take place in one of the great pagodas, and only in the presence of persons of the highest rank and of a few privileged classes. The correspondent claims that he obtained the privilege of attending in disguise as an extraordinary favor in return for having effected a remarkable cure of a disease with which the favorite wife of Prince Pha-Tejao was afflicted. Carefully disguised in Siamese costume, he accompanied the Prince and his eldest son, Woun-Tejao, on November 16, to the pagoda of Intha, where the performance was to be held in honor of the young King of Siam's coronation. We give the rest in his own words, for it is one of those stories which, whether true or not, are certainly well told:

The pagoda itself is an immense round building with a square top, like a gnomon, and rimmed around with a gallery supported by gigantic columns, painted a vivid red, and dashed over with a dusting of gold, giving them a peculiarly brilliant effect. Underneath this portion the building was entered by eight tall doorways, each grotesquely sculptured with griffins, crocodiles, and serpents. Behind the building, like a pile of plates narrowing to a candle-extinguisher at the apex, rose the characteristic bell-cote of all these temples. It was multitudinous with bells, banners, gay lanterns, bright streamers. It was elaborately, even grotesquely ornamented, gilded, colored, and decorated with curiously shaped squares of porcelain; so that it was almost too dazzling in the sunshine to gaze at for any length of time. At its base a forest of small pagodas clustered, crowding up to the very base of the columns supporting the temple gallery.

Sondatch and Woun-Tejao, each holding me by the arm, now directed me towards one of the doorways of the temple. It was guarded by two men with drawn swords and very fierce a peat, who stood in front of a heavy drapery of red cloth that completely concealed the interior of the temple from outside eyes. As a triple password these men admitted my companions, but bared their swords before my breast. Sondatch whispered in the ear of the elder of he two—he started, gasped at me intensely, but did not withdraw his barrier. Woun showed him a sign. He took it and reverently placed it upon his forehead, yet still he refused to admit me. There was a controversy between the doorkeeper and my companions, and at last the older guardian whistled shrilly upon a bone pipe tied about his neck with a strand of silk. A tall man suddenly

appeared, I could not see from whence

He was middle-aged, athletic, and had a most peculiar cunning, self-possessed look of prudence and intelligence.

"Topada!" exclaimed both of my companions at once, but the man, who was indeed sweep for a broad-clad, took notice of them. He put his hand heavily, but not unkindly upon my breast, gave me a piercing, long look, and said, in excellent French, "Are you brave men?"

"True men," I said. Instantly, without another word, he bandaged my eyes with a part of the long white robe I wore; he

was Norodom," whispered Woun-

Tejao in my ear. Another solo now came

upon the scene whom I recognized to be the tall athlete, Topada. Behind him came a smaller man, whose name, Woun-Tejao informed me, was Minshman, and a boy, probably twelve years old, called Tsin-ki. These four began some of the most wonderful athletic exhibitions that can be conceived. It is impossible to believe, unless you saw it, what work these men put human muscles to. I am not going to provoke the incredulity of your readers by attempting to describe the majority of them. In one feat Topada seized Norodom by his long white board, held him off arms' length, and spun, round with the flags of the floor, and laid them apparently bloody mass. The music burst forth into a wild wail, and the chorus of old hags came tumultuously forth and bore her off in their arms.

Now, from behind the red curtain came a dozen strong men, bearing on their shoulders a great lesson box, which they laid upon the front of the stage. As they retired the old women came out, bringing a low couch, decorated with flowers and gold-embroidered napery, upon which lay Luan-Prabha, decked forth in bridal garments, and sweetly sleeping. The couch with its sleeper was put quickly down upon the front of the stage and left there, while Norodom and Topada went to the lesson box, and with but arms attempted to unseal it. "That is Stung-Tieng's coffin," whispered Woun to me; "the old saint has been dead more than half a millennium."

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Quickly, eagerly it seemed to me, the two men broke open the fastenings of the coffin, until the side next the audience fell out at last, a teak box was discovered. This was prised open with a small crowbar, and what seemed a great bundle of nankeen taken out. Topada and Norodom commenced to unwind this wrapping, which was very tight. Yard after yard was unbound and folded away by Minshman, and at last, after at least one hundred yards of wrapping had been taken off, the dry, shrivelled mummy of a small, old man was visible—eyes closed, flesh dry and hard—dewy and dry as a smoked herring. Norodom tapped the corpse with the crowbar, and it gave a dull, wooden sound. Topada tossed it up and caught it—it was stiff as a log. Then he placed the mummy upon Norodom's knees, and fetched a flask of oil, a flask of wine, and a censer burning with some pungent incense. Norodom took from his head a little box of unguent, and prying open the mouth of the mummy with a cold chisel, bled that the dry tongue could catch like a chip against the dry fowes. He filled the mouth with unguent and closed it, and anointed the eyelids, nostrils, and ears. Then he and Topada mixed the wine and oil, and carefully rubbed every part of the body with it. Then, laying it down in a reclining position, they put the burning censer upon the chest and withdrew a pace, while the drums and gongs and cymbals crashed and clattered, and the shrill, cackling treble of the chorus of old women rose hideously.

A breathless pause ensued—one, two, three minutes—and the mummy sneezed, sneezed thrice, so violently as to extinguish the flame of the censer. A moment later the thing sat up, and stared blinking and veered out around the vault—an old, wrinkled man, with mumbly chops, a shrivelled breast and belly, and little tufts of white hair upon his chin and forehead. Topada approached him reverently upon his knees, bringing a salver, with wine and a wafer-cake. The old man did not notice him, but ate, drank, then tottered to his feet, the feeblest, decrepit old dotard that ever walked. On looking into his box, he was found lying down in the furthest corner. "Come out," said his master. Afraid to disobey, poor Jack hobbled out on three legs. His fore paw was on his head, saying, as plainly as possible, that he had a bad headache. They left him for a day or two to get well; and then took him to the drinking-pool again. Jack looked at the glasses with terror, and crept behind a chair. When his master ordered him to drink, he sprang out of the room, and crouched, in an instant, to the top of house. They called him down, but he would not come. His master shook his whip at him, but he grinned defiance. Then a gun was brought and pointed at him. Of all things, he was most afraid of a gun; but he only bobbed his head, and leaped to the other side of the roof. They went round and pointed the gun at him from that side. Then he sprang for the chimney, and, letting himself down into one of the flues, held on by his fore paws. He was willing to be smoked or singed rather than to be drunk. Then his master gave it up. Jack lived with him for several years after that, but nothing would ever induce him to touch a drop of liquor again."

That was a sensible monkey—a good deal more sensible than some men who are supposed to know better. Young men who waste their time in drinking-saloons never amount to much.

A lad rushing into the house of a neighbor a few days ago said: "Mammy sent me to buy a head of cabbage, and a little piece of meat to boil with it; want to buy a rag to patch scot of Bill's breeches; we are goin' to have a mighty cuttin' and slashin' to our house to-day; going to make Bill a new coat out'n dad's old un, and dad a new un out'n an old blanket."

The show went on for some time longer with many curious feats. At the end of an hour the Phallic procession returned, but this time the Bayadore led it, a strange triumph in her eyes, while the youth lay upon the couch sleeping. The Phallic chorus sank into a dirge, the youth faded visibly; he was again the shrivelled dotard; he sighed, then breathed no more. Luan-Prabha retired sorrowfully; Norodom and Topada wrapped the corpse again in its interminable shrouds, restored it to the coffin, sealed it carefully, and it was borne away again. The attendants climbed up to and extinguished the lights. I was blindsfolded and borne away again. I found myself once more at the doorway of the temple in the broad sunshine with my friends—and the mystic ceremonies of the

great temple of Judith was over, it may be for many years.

### True Success in Life.

Success in life is not one chance, but a thousand. The special road for may not be attained. The steps taken toward that end will prove of far greater consequence.

You are a business man, perhaps, and your ventures have miscarried one after

another, and now you look sadly back

through a long list of disappointments

and defeat. But meanwhile you are

known to be a good man and true—a kind

husband and father, a loyal citizen and a

faithful friend—and many a man who has

passed you in the race for wealth and

fame may look with envy upon the love

and respect you have gained by your per-

sonal character and services. Your wan-

ger of success in business life may be due

to some lack in yourself, or may be due to

something adverse in your surroundings;

but remember that, while your undertak-

ings may fail over again, you yourself

may be a glorious success. And here we

touch upon the true solution of the whole

difficulty. We are miserable and sad

over our failures in life, because we mis-

takeably identify ourselves with the special

object we have in view. But this is a

great mistake. It is because we cherish

this superficial philosophy of life which

makes this end supreme and count for

nothing the steps taken toward the end,

that we produce such shallow and dish-

onest types of character at the present day—

these shabby contractors, fish-in-the-pan

generals, sensational preachers and clap-

trap politicians.

No, we have a right to count effort as

well as effect. Not the result of a course

of conduct, but the motive and nature of

it, are the all-important matter. You can

not command success, whether the means

employed be fair or foul, but it makes a

great deal of difference to your personal

character and to your fellow men what kind

of methods you employ. The consequen-

ces of your actions are a great deal more

important than the particular end they are

intended to subserve. A good end cannot

justify bad means, for these have already

acted upon your character, and by force

of example demoralized others also. But

if you fall in mapiness, courage, and in-

tegrity, then all outward success amounts

to nothing.

We shall gain nothing in the long run

by excessive avarice. The cares that at-

tend the fluctuations of the markets are

# The Middletown Transcript.

EDWARD REYNOLDS, Editor.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 14, 1874.

## Death of Millard Fillmore.

Hon. Millard Fillmore, ex-President of the United States, died at his residence in Buffalo, N. Y., on Sunday last, March 8th. He had been seriously ill for some time, and his death was not unexpected.

Millard Fillmore was born in Cayuga county, N. Y., January 7th, 1800, and was, in consequence, a little over 74 years old. Like many others of our most eminent statesmen he was a "self-made man," that is, he secured his education and attained his success by arduous and unremitting labor, supporting himself by teaching while pursuing the study of law. He was admitted to the Bar of his native State in 1823. In 1828 he was elected as an Anti-Mason candidate to the N. Y. Legislature, where he served three terms, and in 1832 he was chosen a Representative in Congress, in which capacity he served until 1841, when he returned to the practice of his profession. In 1848 he was elected Vice-President of the United States on the Whig ticket, under Gen. Z. Taylor. President Taylor dying in 1850, Mr. Fillmore became President. Previous to his election as Vice-President, Mr. Fillmore had been an abolitionist, but after he had taken the oath to execute the laws in obedience to the Constitution he felt it incumbent upon him to enforce the Fugitive Slave law, and in this conscientious endeavor to perform the duties of his office he incurred the hatred of those agitators.

Ex-President Fillmore's administration is generally conceded to have been one of marked ability, while his conscientious adherence to law, right and the requirements of his oath of office secured for him the respect and admiration of the whole nation. In his death America has lost, if not one of her greatest, at least one of her most honest and faithful citizens.

## Death of Charles Sumner.

Hon. Charles Sumner, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, died suddenly at his rooms in Washington city last Wednesday. It appeared in his usual health the day before and was in his seat in the Senate, but took scarcely any part in the proceedings. In the evening after he had retired from the Senate he was suddenly seized with severe pain in the region of the heart which caused his death shortly afterward.

Charles Sumner was born in Boston January 6, 1811. He received a liberal education and was graduated at Harvard University in 1830 at the age of nineteen, studied law at the Cambridge Law School and was admitted to the Bar in 1834. He began his political life in 1845 by denouncing the threatened war with Mexico and the annexation of Texas, on the ground of Slavery. In 1850, when Daniel Webster, because Secretary of State under President Fillmore, Mr. Sumner was elected to fill the vacancy by a coalition of Free-soilers and Democrats who united for the purpose of breaking down the Whig party. He has been continuous in the Senate since that time. He began his Senatorial career by pronouncing a bitter denunciation against President Fillmore for his action in regard to the Fugitive Slave Act. In a speech in the debate on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise he made some reflections on the character of the aged Senator from South Carolina, Mr. Butler, for which he received the famous caning at the hands of Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, a relative of Senator Butler. This, unjustifiable, though probably deserved, assault created a great sympathy for Mr. Sumner throughout his native State, and gave him a popularity which otherwise he probably would never have obtained. He was considered a martyr to the cause of negro freedom, and at the close of his senatorial term he was almost unanimously re-elected to the U. S. Senate.

Mr. Sumner was an avowed abolitionist from the beginning. His hatred of the South and slavery was so intense that to accomplish the humiliation of the first and the abolition of the second he permitted no regard for the Constitution or laws to stay his frenzied and determined efforts. Upon him, next to Horace Greeley, more than upon any other one man, rests the weighty responsibility of the blood shed, lives lost and crimes committed during the great civil war between the States.

Having seen his efforts against slavery crowned with success, Mr. Sumner took the freedom under his especial protection, and has ever been most persistent in his advocacy of Civil Rights Bills and his fanatical attempts to place the negroes on a perfect equality in every respect, social and political, with the whites; and among his last official acts was the attempt to secure the passage by Congress of his pet Supplementary Civil Rights Bill, by which the schools, hotels, &c., would be thrown open to the negroes equally with the whites.

We will not assay a judgment of Mr. Sumner. Whatever else may be thought and said of his course in life, he is entitled to at least the credit of consistency. Having constituted himself the champion of the negro race he never deserted their cause, and died recommending his bills to the care of his friends.

Like Mr. Greeley Mr. Sumner was, doubtless, a victim to the ingratitude of those to whom he had devoted the best portion of his life. His rejection by the Republican party of which he was one of the inciters, and the desertion of the negroes weighed heavily upon him, and made bitter the latter days of his life.

## Letter from New York.

NEW YORK, March 10th 1874.

*Editor. Transcript.*—Business in this City is picking up with the advent of Spring. Since the failures of the past year the present is prolific of future success for those who have weathered the storm, some of them damaged, in a few instances irretrievably—but the system of things, in this great Commercial Emporium of this Continent, is for a man to "come to the scratch" state his position, pay 50 cents on the dollar, if he can, and open a new set of books, and go ahead again. Our business men, as a rule, don't want long stories but only facts, and the consequence is no man is "clean gone" that has pluck and spirit in him.

In the political world, centred in this vast City, "things is working," and before many months pass some of our stoutest Republicans will be committing horrid sacrilegious acts, as well as instructive to the quiet looker on, to see and hear the frantic exclamations of his partisans.

See by the *Transcript*, which comes to me regularly that there is some considerable stir in your little State over the next gubernatorial election, also, that the Odessa folks are going to have something to say in the matter.

In regard to suffering by those out of employment in this city there has undoubtedly been a great deal more than has met the eyes or ears of the most of us, still, the princely gift of Bennett of the Herald has given an impulse in other directions.

Last evening I attended a Charity Concert in aid of the poor of the City, given by the 22d Regiment Band under the able leadership of Prof. Gilmore.

Over seven thousand people must have been present—and several thousand dollars must have been realized. This is but one of the many instances continually taking place. New York City is prodigal in a good, many directions, and none more so than in her Charity.

Many eyes are looking longingly for a good Peach crop in your State and it is the wish of your correspondent that they may not be disappointed.

Yours—A.

*Editor. Transcript.*—The amended civil rights bill agreed upon by the Senate judiciary committee, differs in some respects from the original draft of Senator Sumner. The first and second sections, forbidding the denial of the privileges and accommodations furnished by inn, theatres, public conveyances, schools, concertos, and benevolent institutions, as substantially the same in both bills. The third section of the committee's bill provides more explicitly for the execution of the law by the United States, and is substantially as follows: The courts of the United States shall have exclusive of the State courts, cognizance of the offenses and violations of the act; and the federal officers of the United States Circuit and Territorial Courts are specially required to institute proceedings against persons violating the act, and cause such offenders to be held for trial; provided that nothing contained in this section shall be construed to deny any right of civil action accruing to any person in respect to matters contained in the act. Any district attorney failing to prosecute the offences of the bill shall, for every offence, pay the sum of \$500 to the person aggrieved, and be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not less than \$1,000 nor more than \$5,000.

The fourth section, in relation to fine, is unchanged. The fifth section annuls all inconsistent State laws, and provides that nothing in the act shall invalidate any jury proceedings during the next three years. The sixth section makes all cases arising under the act reviewable in the Supreme Court.

*RAMPANT REFORM.*—The Cincinnati Gazette publishes the details of the stoppage in Sabina, Ohio, of a beer wagon by the temperance reformers, allusions to which have hitherto been made in the despatches. It appears that on last Tuesday a brewery firm at Morrow received an order for twenty-six kegs of beer from two saloon keepers at Washington Court House. Fearing to send the beer by rail, as the trains are closely watched, the firm dispatched the beer by wagon, covered with hay and straw. At eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, when near Sabina, the driver was met by a number of women and fifteen or twenty men, armed with stones, who ordered him to stop, and threatened him with death if he prodded further. The terrified driver did as he was ordered, and the mob then tried to set fire to the load, but the straw being wet wouldn't burn. They then ordered him to drive to the Sabina railroad station, where the beer was turned over to the station agent, after the revenue stamp had been torn from the keg. The owners arrived at the station the next day, and directed the agent to keep the goods in his possession until further notification. This, however, he refused to do, and the beer was sent back to Morrow. The brewers then called upon their lawyers for consultation, but the women getting wind of it surrounded the brewery, and by their boisterous singing and praying broke up the consultation.

A fellow named Pampelly, of New York, wants to know when some more thieves are to be whipped at New Castle. He wants to come and see it done. Let him come and steal a horse and he will have a chance to "know how it is yourself."

*Town Hall Co.*—The Treasurer's annual report of the Town Hall Co., was unavoidably crowded out this week, and will appear in our next. It shows the finances of the Co., to be in a healthy condition.

*M. E. Church.*—Rev. L. C. Matlack D. D., the newly appointed pastor of the M. E. Church, this place, will preach to-morrow morning and evening. The public are invited.

The funeral of ex-President Fillmore took place Thursday at Buffalo.

## Local and State Affairs.

### Wilmington M. E. Conference.

The Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, which has been in session at Salisbury, Md., adjourned last Wednesday. The following list of the appointments made:

Wilmington District: T. J. Thompson, P. E. Aubrey, J. Simpkins; St. Paul's, J. Merrill; Union, T. B. Marlowe; Scott, J. O. Syphax; Grace, James B. Smith, I. N. Foreman; Brandywine, Wm. M. Warner; Mount Salem, J. France; Newport, J. D. Rige; Chester Circuit, H. Sanderson; Mt. Lebanon, E. K. Kidney; Clayton, G. A. Campbell; New Castle, J. B. Mann; Red Lion and Glasgow, H. H. Bodine; Christians, J. A. St. Georges and Port Penn, T. B. Hunter;

Delaware City, D. R. Thomas; Bethel and Summit, C. H. Sheppard; Christepark, G. B. Brister; Manor to be supplied; Newark, J. Brindle; Cherry Hill, J. W. Weston; Elizton, R. Miller; North East, J. D. Currie; Elk Neck, J. W. Layfield; Port Deposit, C. Hill; Raing Sun, J. D. Kemp; Zion, T. L. Thompson; Charlestow, J. Cook; Alfred, S. Cook; Prof. Wesleyan Seminary.

—*Wilmington District.*

J. E. Hough, Presiding Elder.

Smyrna, A. C. Phoenix; Smyrna Circuit, W. Gregg; Appalachia, C. W. Prentiss; Middleton, L. C. Matlack; Odessa, J. M. Bryant; Cecilian and St. Paul's, B. F. Price; Galena, H. Colclaser; Mifflington, J. W. Hammerley; Still Pond, J. H. Caldwell; Chestertown, F. M. Chatham; Kent Circuit, J. T. Van Buren; Church Hill, R. H. Adams; Sudlersville, Edward Davis; Centreville, Vaughn Smith; Queenstown, J. H. Hardling; Kent Island, W. R. Mackfarland; Easton, E. B. Newman; Talbot Circuit, N. B. Walton; Trapeze, T. B. Killian; Greenbrough, T. S. Williams; Deaton, E. F. Aldred; Maryland, V. Gary,

Dover District.

Wesley Kenney, Presiding Elder.

Dover, George D. Watson; Camden, E. G. Erwin and William M. Green; Leipzig and Raydon, J. A. B. Wilson; Wyoming, Jos. Dare; Felton, Robert W. Todd; Fulton Circuit, to be supplied; Frederica, W. P. Davis; Barratt's and Millard Neck, E. H. Miller; Millford, D. C. Ridgway; Harrington, W. T. Talbot; Bridgeport, Wm. T. Tull; Dorchester, T. H. Talbot; Townsend, W. T. Tull; Dorchester Circuit, T. H. Haines—and pretty man; Cambridge, T. J. Williams; Beckwith and Spedden, W. W. Remond; Church Creek, W. J. Duhadaway; Rehoboth, J. B. Quigley; Kent, J. B. Quigley.

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Dover, George D. Watson; Camden, E. G. Erwin and William M. Green; Leipzig and Raydon, J. A. B. Wilson; Wyoming, Jos. Dare; Felton, Robert W. Todd; Fulton Circuit, to be supplied; Frederica, W. P. Davis; Barratt's and Millard Neck, E. H. Miller; Millford, D. C. Ridgway; Harrington, W. T. Talbot; Bridgeport, Wm. T. Tull; Dorchester, T. H. Talbot; Townsend, W. T. Tull; Dorchester Circuit, T. H. Haines—and pretty man; Cambridge, T. J. Williams; Beckwith and Spedden, W. W. Remond; Church Creek, W. J. Duhadaway; Rehoboth, J. B. Quigley.

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# The Middletown Transcript

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FOR SALE.

THE Bugg Homestead, near Summit Bridge, New Castle County, Del., within 2 miles of railroad and 1 mile of water; 200 Acre-s. 7 fields, 15 acres wood, 4000 bearing Peas, 2000 young trees in orchard, grain, fruit bushes, etc.; 1000 feet of fence, granite, stone walls, etc.; land in good state of cultivation. This farm will be sold very low, and \$1000 will cover the property five years, or less years, or longer, the balance will be exchanged for Wilmington property in part, and the small remainder in cash. Wm. P. Biggs, Esq., residing at Summit Bridge, will sell also this property, and will furnish letter or in person to Real Estate Agents of REYNOLDS & CO., 822 Market St., Wilmington, Del.

Feb 28-46

FOR RENT.

A pleasant two-story Dwelling, containing sitting room and kitchen; on second floor, four chambers; cellar under the kitchen; pump convenient. Garage house, stable, and poultry house. Good garden. Large yards, well shaded, in front and rear of dwelling. Situated on the State road, one-half mile from Odessa. All in good condition. Possessor gives the month of March ensuing. For rent, \$400 a month.

JAMES V. MOORE,  
Odessa, Del.

McH 7 if

Timothy Cloves and Orchard Grass  
SEEDS.

We are now receiving from the West, a prime article of Clover, Timothy, Orchard Grass and other Field Seeds, which we offer for sale at 55 Commerce Street, Baltimore.

Feb 21-1m

F. V. LEWIS & SONS.

GOOD SEED-OATS  
FOR SALE.

PRICE—\$1.00 per bushel.

mar 8-1f

B. T. COCHRAN.

FOR RENT.

A good Store-house and Dwelling at Bohemia Mills, New Castle, Del., Apply to W. F. HIRONS, Feb 7-3m

FOR RENT.

Two Dwelling Houses and a STORE-ROOM on Main street, Middletown. Apply to C. J. SMITH, Feb 7-1m

FOR SALE.

A fine young black mare, 7 years old; good draught horse, kind and gentle, work any where. Apply to W. W. WILSON, Feb 7-2m

FOR RENT.

TWO Houses, Lake Street, Middletown, Roomy, comfortable, low, & well situated. Apply to REV. N. WILLITS, Feb 21-2f

FOR RENT.

Two good Dwelling HOUSES in Ryan's Court just back of Main St., Middletown, containing 4 rooms each, water at the door, good little gardens, and every convenience for comfort. Also, a good stable and carriage-house near the same place. Rent very reasonable. Apply to Feb 28-4f

Mrs. E. W. KELAN.

FOR RENT.

The Store Room in the Town Hall at present occupied by G. W. W. Armstrong, Apply to SAMUEL PENINGTON, Jan 31-1f

FOR RENT.

One Dwelling House on Lake Street, and two on Lockwood Street for rent. Inquire of A. G. COX, Jan 31-1m

FOR SALE OR RENT.

A good Stone House & Dwelling, with Stable, &c., on High Street, Odessa, Delaware. Apply to J. THOR. BUDDE, Middletown, or WILLIAM W. ARMSTRONG, Jan 3-8w

FOR RENT.

Two good Dwelling HOUSES in Ryan's Court just back of Main St., Middletown, containing 4 rooms each, water at the door, good little gardens, and every convenience for comfort. Also, a good stable and carriage-house near the same place. Rent very reasonable. Apply to Feb 28-4f

Mrs. E. W. KELAN.

FOR RENT.

One Dwelling House on Lake Street, and two on Lockwood Street for rent. Inquire of A. G. COX, Jan 31-1m

FOR SALE CHEAP.

One GOOD FARM HORSE, quiet, fast worker, 7 years old. Sold for sum of \$100. Apply to R. L. PRICE, Feb 28-3w

Middleton, Del.

FOR RENT.

At the solicitation of many friends, I will be a candidate for the nomination for Coroner of New Castle County, subject to the decision of the Democratic Party.

EDWARD GROVES,

Wilmington, Del., Feb. 28-4m

SHERIFFALTY.—TO THE ELECTORS OF New Castle County—Dentenmen: I again offer myself to you as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic Party. And pledge myself to give the country a cheerful and hearty support.

Respectfully,

WILLIAM H. LAMBSON.

## Miscellaneous

FOR SPRING CROPS  
USE  
BAUGH'S  
TRADE MARK

RAW  
BOLE  
HISMET  
Super Phosphate

QUALITY HIGHLY IMPROVED,  
STANDARD WARRANTED TO EVERY BUYER

which in Ammonia and Soluble Phosphoric Acid  
—especially adapted to Spring Crops  
and to Top Dressing grass.

ALSO

Pure Ground Bones,  
Pure Bone Meal,  
And Fertilizing Supplies.

Baugh & Sons,  
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,  
No. 10 N. Decker Street, Philadelphia,  
(No. 103 South Street, Baltimore.)

Feb 21-3m

CARPETS.

All-wool Ingrain Carpet, Star and Hemp Car-

pets from 20 to 90 cts. per yard. O/Clothes Suits,

Buckskin Gloves, and Mts.

GUNS, PISTOLS AND CARTRIDGES,

Wads, Tubes, Shrews, Rue Heads, Washrods,

Ramrods, Flasks, and Shot Pouches.

Buyers will please call and examine our goods

we are determined to sell CHEAP.

PARTRIDGE COCHINS, bred from IMPOR-

TED STOCK.

BUFF COCHINS, bred from CHURCH-

MANS STOCK.

WHITE LEGHORNS, bred from a splendid

pair purchased by J. Boardman Smith, of Conn., one of the most successful breeders

of this variety in the world.

BRONZE TURKEYS, from B. F. Lewis' pri-

Stock.

EGGS of all the above for sale. Call and ex-

amine them, or address

HENRY CLAYTON,

No. 11 Pleasant, Delaware.

FOR RENT.

P. S.—In order to make room for other breed-

ing fowls, I will sell for 50c. Buff Cochins

and White Leghorns for 50cts. per pair.

January 17, 1874.

WILMINGTON AND READING  
RAILROAD.

ON and after Monday, February 21, 1874

we will take over the line from Reading without change of cars, or follow-

ing time.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TIMES.

IN ACCORDANCE

